THE

British MUSE:

OR

TYRANNY

EXPOS'D:

A

SATYR,

Occasion'd by all the Fulsom and Lying POEMS and ELEGIES, that have been written on the Death of the Late King *JAMES*.

To which is Added,

A Smart POEM on the Generous Articles of *Limerick* and *Galway*.

LONDON, Printed for *Eliz. Mallet*, and Sold by the *Williamite* Book-sellers of *London* and *Dublin*, who are Haters of Tyranny and Slavery.

TO THE READER.

I Had not written one Line on this Subject, had not so many Commendatory Elegies in favour of the late K. James *came into the World. It is a piece of Justice due to the Memory of Good Princes, to have their Names and Virtuous Deeds transmitted to Posterity; but to pin Panegyricks on the Herses of* Nero's *and* Caligula's, *is imposing upon Mankind, and a Recommendation of their Acts of Violence and Oppression to the Practice of succeeding Governours.*

K. James *had before accounted with the* English *Nation for the Tyrannies of his Reign, and they had taken Satisfaction of him, in placing the Crown he had forfeited on a juster Head. He has now paid his Debt to Nature: But his Men of Blood, who had not fully satisfied their sanguinary Desires in the late Reign, are building Monuments of Praise to his Memory, which ought to be buried in Eternal Oblivion.*

These Men are the Occasion of this Poem; and if they find it disagreeable, they may e'en thank themselves.

THE

THE BRITSH MUSE.

FOR Tyrants dead no Statutes we erect,
Or sumptuous Fanes with sable Mourning deckt;
No weeping Eyes the joyful Country drown,
But all rejoice to hear the Tyrant's gone:
For Slaves have Freedom, when the Tyrant's dead,
And do around their gaudy Ensigns spread.

England, rejoice! thy slavish Fears are past;
The Tyrant's dead, who was thy worst and last.
Encircl'd he's within the Shades of Night,
Confin'd far distant from the Realms of Light;
No more thy Liberties he shall invade,
Subvert thy Laws, and undermine thy Trade.
Whilst impious Pens usurp illegal Fame,
And Honours give to his detested Name,
My *British* Muse in justest Notes shall sing
A Bankrupt Monarch, and a Tyrant King.

Let Flaming *LONDON* first appear in view,
And his good Actions and his Virtues shew,
Whole Houses he into a Bonefire turn'd,
And sacred Temples with like Zeal he burn'd:
Pleas'd with the Sight, as the great City fell,
He and his Priests carous'd and drank to Hell.

Thus *Nero Rome* by Fire in Ashes laid,
Laugh'd at the Flames, and as they burnt, he play'd.

Proceed, my Muse, shew Martyrs round his Herse,
Who in loud Yells their Injuries expres;
Murder'd, yet unreveng'd by *British* Hands,
The dire Effect of his unjust Commands.
First stranlg'd *GODFREY* slides from Scenes of Light,
A pale thin Ghost would even Fiends affright,
Then *COLLEGE*, first destroy'd by Popish Rage,
The Loss and Scandal of that Impious Age,
His Ghost may well attend his Funeral,
And on his Soul for heavy vengeance call.
His Name to *Oxford* a due Scandal bears,
Thro' a vast Series of succeeding Years.
When Time shall truly the sad Story tell,
How its lewd Priests combin'd with *Rome* and Hell,
To murder him, who for their Freedoms strove,
And did for them a bloody victim prove:
Yet sporting with his Death, were glad to see
A *College* added to their University.
Hang'd drawn and quarter'd by Tyrannick Sway,
Which Passive Priests taught People to obey,
Till they themselves, in Popish Blankets toss't
By their lov'd *James* another College lost.
Lord! how their Passive Cannons then did roar!
And their Report reach'd to the *Belgic* Shoar:
Then all grew Active, Passive were no more.
Next murder'd *ESSEX* to his Herse does come,
Sent by a bloody Razor to his Tomb.

Then

Then Noblest *RUSSEL* does augment the Throng,
And in a decent Terror slides along:
Manly, yet meek; his even Temper was,
Crown'd both with moral Virtues, and with Grace:
Yet by the Ax of *Rome*'s curst Butcher fell,
A Sacrifice to bloody *James* and Hell.
He shew'd his numerous Wounds, and groan'd the rest,
And then withdrew to Regions of the Blest.
Next Glorious *SYDNEY* at his Herse appears,
Murder'd by *James* in his declining Years;
The Martyr's Fate did crown his hoary Hairs.
No better Man his Family did grace,
Nor had more Vertues of a Nobler Race.
No man his Country's Freedom better knew,
Or in its Cause a Sword more faithful drew.
No Man with greater Courage ever fought,
Or for our Freedoms with more Learning wrote.
Learning and Parts are but a weak Defence,
And Tyrants still wage War with Wit and Sense.
CORNISH, the best good Man *Augusta* knew,
With pleasant Terror does the Mourning view.
And that the Scene a Female should not want,
To grace the Rear comes up our Murder'd *GAUNT*.
All to their Graves by Popish Murder thrust.
Was this, you lying Bards, your *James* the Just?

As in the Waters we do Fishes find
Which do devour and prey upon their Kind;
This Princely Shark on his own Species fed,
When Cause required, and *Rome* the Order made.
Thus *Coleman* to his Jaws a Victim fell,
Sent in a Jugler's Box to plot in Hell,

Vain

Vain Wretch! who could ſo fatally believe
A man enclin'd by Nature to deceive.
With him what Wretches would the Scepter truſt,
And blaſphemouſly call him *James* the Juſt?

Nay, his own Brother, Partner in his Blood,
With poiſonous Viſage o're his Coffin ſtood;
For *James* (when many Murders he had done)
Poiſon'd his Brother to aſcend his Throne;
Then from his People and his Country fled,
The two good Acts this wicked Prince e're did.

But now a Troop of grizly Ghoſts appear,
And grinning pale are all approaching near:
Numerous they were, and all beſmear'd with Blood,
With diſmal Horror round his Coffin ſtood;
They ſlid along, and interchanging Ground,
Roar'd out his Obſequies in hollow Sound.
Who murder'd in the Weſt at his Command,
A noble Train of ſlaughter'd Patriots ſtand!
Some beardleſs Youths ſlain by his Tyrant Rage,
And ſome declining by decrepid Age.
Such beauteous Youths might ſome Compaſſion move
In bloody Tyrants, and might force their Love:
Some Pity Age (for Age has alſo Charms)
Might move in Tyrants, and ſecure from Harms.
But *James* of all the Tyrant Race accurſt,
Begot by Tygers, and by Vipers Nurſt,
Nor Age nor Sex could his Compaſſion move,
Nor yet the Judgments of Almighty *Jove*,

Oh had I now, by Heavn's impartial Laws,
A Power ſufficient to revenge your Cauſe,

My

My dearest murder'd Friends! whole Troops should fall,
By my just Hand to grace your Funeral;
Yet Heaven some weak Revenge does still afford,
Admits the Pen, when it denies the Sword.

Were but my Pen sharp-pointed as your Steel,
When you on *Sedgmore* Paracides did kill,
I'd raise a Monument to future Times,
And hang up Villains in exalted Rhymes.

When Publick Juistce is grown deaf and blind,
And Criminals no rightful Sentence find,
Each honest Man should his Resentment show,
And mark the Path where Justice ought to go.
That Justice did not *Jefferies* destroy,
Does more our Wonder than our Sense imploy:
He who by Blood climb'd to the top of State,
And grew by Murders insolent and great:
To him blind Justice no due Halter gave,
But unreveng'd he found a common Grave.
Kirk did not by the Hand of Justice fall,
He liv'd a Villain, died a General.
Such the Catastrophe of our strange Times,
Preferment rises from enormous Crimes.

Can e'er our Land those bloody Scenes forget,
That Western Massacree not question'd yet?
In which the bravest *English* Blood was spilt,
Without a Sacrifice t' atone the Guilt;
Where better Men than future Times will see,
By Cowards murder'd, hung on every Tree.

Had I but then this Body laid aside,
And with my dear, my happy Partners dy'd,
I had with them my Share of Bliss possest,
And now been number'd with th' Immortal Blest;
Had upwards soar'd, and tow'ring left behind
My youthful Limbs expos'd to Heat and Wind;
Of Life's great Burden had been surely eas'd,
And not the Number of my Sins encreas'd,
Had ne'er been quell'd by Time's important Rage,
And known the Slights of an Ungrateful Age.
But Man contrives not his own Destiny,
And cannot, when he pleases, live or die.

Since Heav'n allows me Life against my Will,
And still I upwards climb the steepy Hill,
Good God! forbid my Sands in vain should pass,
And no good Actions grace my sinking Glass.
Tyrants I hated from my very Youth,
But always lov'd the Glorious Cause of Truth.
To *English* Laws I still Allegiance paid,
And never yet a Tyrant King obey'd,
But such who legally the Scepter sway'd.

Speak, Satyr speak! and let thy Notes be heard
By trembling Tyrants, of thy Lash afraid!
Thy Task is Noble, and thy Theme's Divine;
Let Satyr speak, and bite in every Line!
And kill more surely than the Sword or shot,
'Till the loath'd Name of *TYRANT* be forgot.

TYRANT! that thing accurst, ally'd to Hell,
Where Tyrant Kings in flaming Sulphur dwell.

The

The dreadful *Tophet* was ordain'd of old,
Tyrannick Princes, and their Slaves to hold.
Tyrants and Slaves we born together joyn,
And in one dark Abyss do both confine:
For Slaves are Panders to a Tyrant's Lust,
And ravish Liberty by Force unjust;
Therefore o'er both the Heav'nly Powers prevail,
To damn 'em all in one Eternal Jail.

Tyrant! the very Name so heats my Blood,
My Veins scarce stop the Torrent of its Flood:
A Freeman's Rage can scarce my Sense command,
My Pen does tremble underneath my Hand.
Was every Atom of my Flesh a Man,
As brave as ever to the Battel ran,
I round the Orb would Tyrant Kings pursue,
And even Godlike *Brutus* would out-do.

First into *France* I would my Army lead,
And strike its proud and haughty Tyrant dead,
The vilest Wretch did e'er a Scepter sway,
Or e'er a wretched People did obey;
By Blood and Poyson manages Intrigues,
And breaks, like Cobwebs, solemn Pacts and Leagues:
Whose sacred Oaths are broken o'er and o'er,
His Faith is found in every Carted Whore.
Him I'd depose, from his own Rack would send
His guilty Soul to his Infernal Friend,
His faithful Friend, whose Counsel still he took,
And ne'er with him the dark Alliance broke.
I'd make his Slaves by my just Fury free,
And treat them with the Sweets of Liberty:
I'd pull his Vassals from his Tyrant Paws,
And reinstate 'em in their Rights and Laws,
The little Bastard he of late proclaim'd
As King of *England*, shou'd with him be damn'd;
Tho *England*, fearless of the *Gallick* Hope,
Defies the *French*, their Bastard, and the Pope:

And if the Brat be *James* the Second's Son
Like his dear Dad he'll from the Battel run;
His Nose will bleed engag'd in War's Design,
He'll scamper, like his Father from the *Boyn.*
Suppose the Brat to be Legitimate,
How can it mend or alter *England*'s Fate;
Mend it cannot, but may disturb our Fate;
Lewis a deviliſh Cobler is of State.
Nor can the *Engliſh*, who are bold and ſtrong,
Fear one who's from a Race of Cowards ſprung.
Yet ſhou'd my Army the young Cub deſtroy,
And with the grizly Tyrant kill the Boy:
And Heaven does ſometimes the ſame Meaſures take,
Deſtroys the Horſe for the lewd Rider's ſake.

Next into *Savoy* I my Courſe would ſteer,
And play the Devil with the Traitor there.
That little Duke, yet mighty Tyrant, I
Would blow like Rockets mounting to the Sky;
I would revenge his Treaſon in the War,
And make him of a Tyrant's Fortune ſhare;
The brave *Vaudois* their Country ſhould enjoy,
And help their bloody Tyrant to deſtroy.

Then to compleat my Brave and Juſt Deſign,
I would my Forces with Prince *Eugene* join.
Monſieurs and Dons the ſelf-ſame Fate ſhould find,
As Clouds retiring from the potent Wind.
Spaniards enſlav'd I would with Freedom bleſs,
Augment their Eaſe, and make their Thraldom leſs;
Their treacherous Nobles I'd ſeverely drub,
Home to his Sire would ſend their Tyrant Cub.
To *Auſtria*'s Houſe I'd leave the *Spaniſh* Crown,
If they would grant the Natives what's their own;
But if they rob'd 'em of their Rights and Health,
I'd turn old *Spain* into a Common-wealth.
And e'er I ſheath'd my juſt revenging Steel,
Porto Carero ſhould it ſharpneſs feel;

Crowding I'd send to Hell among the rest,
That damn'd Tyrannick Villian of a Priest.
Tyrant and Priest in the same Yoke do draw,
One damns the Gospel, t'other damns the Law.
'Tis fit that he who built a Tyrant's Throne,
And has by Forgery a Land undone,
Who to his Country did such Ills create,
Should share of Tyrants the Impartial fate.

Thus having in the South declar'd my Worth,
I'd face about, and march my Army North:
The *Polish* Tyrant should my Vengeance feel,
And downwards fall beneath my fatal Steel.
The rav'nous Lion Tyrant of the Wood
Does claim Succession for his ferine Brood:
But no Succession crown'd the *Polish* Bear;
For every Tyrant is elected there.
Ye *Polish* Slaves, trapan'd into a Choice,
How ill your Cause suits with your Peoples Voice!
Who could so madly for themselves elect
A Tyrant, and their Liberties neglect.
To get a Crown he did forsake his God,
And justly proves to Fools a Scourge and Rod.
Great *Sweden's* King, I'd then revenge thy Cause,
And rescue *Saxony* from *Poland's* Claws.

This done, I'd march against the beastly *Czar*,
A Shame to Princes, and a Fool in War:
With numerous Hosts he other Lands invades,
But soon retires to Fastnesses and Shades:
Vanquish'd by *Sweden's* Youth, he wildly flies,
And not on Prowess, but on Flight relies.
Thus Tyrants fight, and like a Tyrant he
Should from my Hand receive his Destiny:
More Wounds than *Brutus* Tyrant *Cæsar* gave,
From my revenging Steel this Beast should have,
Lest the curst *Hydra* should cement again,
And plague his People in a longer Reign.

My

My Labours finish'd, I would return home,
And tell of Tyrants the impartial Doom.
My Native Land's a Nation Free and Brave,
That hates the odious Title of a Slave:
As poisonous Toads are kill'd by *Irish* Air
So bloody Tyrants can't inhabit here,
But thrive like Plants in hot *Arabia*'s Sand,
And soon a dry and wither'd Stalk they stand.
Freeman and Slave are inconsistent things,
And one the other to Destruction brings.
England's the Fortunate, the Happy Isle,
With Freedom blest, and with a fruitful Soil,
Whose Laws and Freedoms just and righteous are,
And every Man, the meanest, has his Share.
Here shall my Muse to after Ages sing
The Bravest People, and the Happiest King.

The following Verses were made upon the surrender of *Lymerick* 1691. When the late King *James*'s broken Army (that Fled there;) Obtained such Large Conditions.

Hard fate that still attends our Irish War,
The Conquerors Loose, the Conquered gainers are;
Their Pen's the Triumph of our Swords defeat,
We Fight like Souldiers, but like Fools we Treat.
Sure *Teague* has charm'd us with some Fatal Spell,
For lest the Coward should no more Rebell,
Lest he grow Honest by becoming poor,
We pardon all his former Bloody Score,
And set him up again to murther more;
With a New Fund of our own Plunder'd store:
But *England* doubtless, in our Loss will share,
And to Reconquer, a New Tax prepare.

FINIS.

MUSEUM